

and the choicest gifts of a beningn Benefactor, would satisfy almost any one that this will soon be a bright star in the constellation of western villages. Such, gentle reader, is a faint description of the place from which our paper hails—from which, we hope, will emanate matter as pleasing and interesting as the town is beautiful and inviting?”

The editor of the “Times” overdrew the picture, especially in the statements regarding the water power, the steamboat building and the canal improvement.

### John Ball's Narrative.

Many years ago the Hon. John Ball wrote out for the Old Residents Association a narrative of his first experience and observations at Grand Rapids, and up and down the valley, covering a period of some eight or ten years after his arrival in 1836. His communication was designed to give a sketch of his personal relation to the Grand River Valley in those times. The essential portions of it are as follows:

“Having resided some years at Troy and Lansingburgh, N. Y., in that year of speculation, 1836, I entered into a contract with Dr. T. C. Brinsmaid, Dr. F. B. Leonard, Mr. J. E. Whipple and a Mr. Webster, of those places, to go west, and invest for them, on speculation, so much money as they would supply, for I had none. The talk was some sixty or eighty thousand dollars; but from the change of times, it ended at about ten thousand. I was to operate in any of the western (not slave) states, buy and sell in my own name, and receive for my services one-fourth of the profits. So in September of that year I left Troy, and came to Detroit. There I was offered city property, but, prices seeming high, I concluded that Government broad acres would be a surer thing than corner lots. I made up my mind that the Grand River district was the promised land, or at least the most promising one for my operations. So I purchased a horse, and mounting him, I started out through mud which I found so deep that I was unable to trot him until I got to Ypsilanti. I reached Ann Arbor the first day, where I fell in with some New York state acquaintances traveling the same way. The next day we arrived at Jacksonburg (as it was then called), and the next at Marshall. From there,